



HOW TO SECOND BY OLD TIMER

Harry Tuthill Tells of the Art.

Too Much Help and Coach- ing Common Fault in Many Cases.

Three Seconds Enough for Any Man; More Hurt Fighter and Hinder Spectators.

Harry Tuthill, one of the best, tells thus of how to second a man in the ring.

There is no excuse for a fighter being blinded by the use of ammonia during a contest. Before a fighter enters a ring let him get a bottle shaped similar to that in which vaseline is sold.

Saturate a sponge with ammonia, and cover the bottle with a rubber cork. Ammonia will eat away an ordinary cork. The fumes will not be wasted, the rubber preventing them from leaking.

And by this simple device there can be no chance of a second handing his charge the ammonia bottle instead of the water bottle. It is laughable in many instances how some little fighters enter a ring for a contest. They are loaded down with clothes, from undershirts to coats, the other covering being a bathrobe. And around the ring sits the countless crowd, endeavoring to keep cool by waving big palm-leaf fans.

Too Much Help.
And this class of fighter usually has from four to six seconds behind him; they can do nothing but get in their own way and "hello" to their friends in the gallery.

Now, three seconds are enough for any fighter, one to fan, one to advise and the other to handle the "bucket and chair." The fighter will not alone benefit when there are only three seconds. Those sitting around the ring near the corners will be benefited to the ex-

tent of being able to see what is going on without stretching too far. Then between rounds they will not be obliged to open umbrellas to protect themselves from the clouds of resin blown up by the waving towels.

In Case of Accident.
During a bout a boxer is liable to be cut by bumping against the other fellow's head or by a blow. Amateurs, in seconding, use almost everything to stop the bleeding.

Tincture of iron is good, but it burns the skin and leaves a very bad looking wound. Subsalphate of iron is the best to use.

If a second places a little of the powder on a piece of cotton and presses it against the cut he will find, unless the wound is a very severe one, that it will stop the bleeding in from twenty to thirty seconds and leave a clean wound to work on when the contest is over.

Did you ever notice the lunches some seconds bring into the corner with their man? There are usually fruits of all kinds in the layout. A fighter hasn't much time to partake of such things during his minute's rest.

Boxer Needs Wind.
He is usually busy trying to get a good breath. All that stuff is excess baggage in a corner. All a handler of a fighter needs are these: Two bottles, a sponge and a bucket.

If the boy that is boxing is not afraid, a sponge on the head after a round will brace him up and help him remember things that a punch in the jaw during the round might have made him forget.

If a fighter goes to his corner groggy a few slaps with the palm of the hand on the back of the neck will do much more to revive him than the strongest ammonia. Then, too, this mode of arousing him will not affect his heart action and will better enable him to exercise his brain.

CHANGE DOESN'T PAY.
George Siler Tells Some Things About Fighting.

Says George Siler: "Few, if any, cases have come to my notice wherein an old stager at the game made a success after adopting some other fighter's mode of fighting. They invariably mix up the old and new, with the result that they are all at sea when in action. This was strongly exemplified in the Jack McCallister-Miller fight. Miller was what is generally termed awkwardly clever when he first met McCallister at North Judson, Ind., on February 12, 1899. He held him up in a sixty-four round draw. The fight was to have been a finish affair, but as neither man, in the opinion of Referee Mike McDonald, could finish, he stopped the fight. After the battle Miller and his backer, Alf Kennedy, came to the conclusion that pure downright science was the shortest road to the lightweight championship goal, which at that time was blocked by McCallister. Then followed a long, secret and careful course of study to master the fine points of boxing, and when Miller thought he was better perfect in everything pertaining to the game, he was again matched with Jack.

Their second meeting took place at New Orleans on September 4, 1902. Miller did not have a look-in after the second round, and was completely knocked out in the fifteenth session. What he had learned, therefore, counted for nothing, as his new style of fighting made him easy to get at, as was demonstrated in the second round of the battle, after which he got badly mixed in his tactics and could use neither the new nor the old method with success."

FINAL ROUNDS OF BIG FIGHTS

How the Championships Changed Hands.

Things That Happened Just as Hero's Sun Was About to Set.

Blows That Knocked Out Men Who Were Hitherto Thought Invulnerable.

SEATTLE, March 11.—The final rounds of all the big fights in recent years have been compiled by an old-time fight follower who now lives in Seattle, and will be of interest. They follow:

Corbett-Sullivan—September 7, 1892—Round 21—Sullivan rushed, but Corbett stepped nimbly aside, and smashed the big fellow's sore and bleeding nose with both fists, causing the blood to flow in a torrent. Sullivan was bewildered, and began to show signs of early collapse. Corbett, smiling like a school-boy, hooked a right hander to the side of the head. Corbett steadied himself. He sent a hard right to the ear and followed with a terrific left to the jaw, and Sullivan sank unconscious to the floor of the ring. He was not knocked out, but was too exhausted to rise. The round lasted a little over a minute and when finally Sullivan arose, bruised and bleeding, and staggering to his feet, he was met by a right hander from Corbett's support moved his battered and swollen lips and said in a tone hoarse with chagrin and weakness: "It's the old, old story; I am like the pitcher that went to the well once too often." His voice broke and, gulping down a sob, he continued: "I can only say that I am glad that I have been beaten by an American."

Fitzsimmons-Corbett—March 17, 1897—Round 14—Corbett landed that left jab again on Fitz's head. Fitz countered with a terrific right swing on Corbett's neck, and he had Corbett going back for a few seconds. Fitz landed a terrible left hand jab on Corbett's

stomach, and Corbett went to his knees, with a frightful look of agony on his face. The timekeepers called the seconds: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," but Corbett came to his feet and rushed to Fitz and endeavored to strike him. George Siler declared Fitzsimmons had won. Time, 1:40.

Jeffries-Fitzsimmons—June 9, 1899—Round 11—Fitz came up slowly, but assumed the aggressive. Jeff stood off, evidently waiting for a knockout. They clinched three times. Coming to close quarters, Jeff put two hard rights over Fitz's head, sending him back. Then Jeff sent a straight left to the neck, which he followed with a left to the chest. Fitz crowded in. He tried his right for the jaw, but was short. However, succeeded in blocking the Californian's return. Jeff then jabbed his left to the head, and sent his right to the point of Fitz's jaw. Fitz went down.

Jeffries-Corbett—May 11, 1900—Round 22—After a couple of passes Jeff swung his right to Corbett's face and rushed him to a neutral corner. At close quarters Corbett hooked the left twice to the face, sending the blood spurting again from Jeff's face. Jeff threw in two hard lefts to the body and sent the left again to Corbett's face, forcing Corbett's head back. Then Jeffries crowded Corbett to the ropes, and with a full swing left smash on the jaw sent Corbett's head striking the floor heavily and he rolled over in a vain attempt to regain his feet.

Jeffries-Fitzsimmons—July 25, 1902—Round 8—Bob stood up straight, feinting with his left and drawing Jeffries on. Jeffries smiled through his bloody features, ducking a left swing and landing a hard left on the ribs. Jeffries forced the fighting at this stage, crouching low and carrying his right high and left far back. They rushed to a clinch. As Fitzsimmons stepped back he smiled and spoke to Jeffries, and before he could get out of reach Jeffries quickly hooked his left on the jaw, and Jeff went down on his back, and before he could get up the referee counted him out.

Jeffries-Corbett—August 14, 1903—Round 10—Jeffries stood straight up and came after his man without hesitation. Corbett seemed to be making a waving fight. They exchanged lefts to the face and Jeffries made a vicious effort. Jeffries sent a left hook to the stomach and Corbett went down for nine seconds. He got up and received a left in the stomach and right on the jaw. He went down, and after the count of seven Tommy Ryan threw up the sponge. Corbett was suffering pain and a chair was brought for him. After a minute's rest he recovered, got up and shook hands with Jeffries.

Anent Pink Hawley.
"I see that some of the boys are telling stories about 'Pink' Hawley," said "Chief" Zimmet the other day. "Pink" was a great Zimmet in his day, and a good fellow, too, albeit he was the queerest man I have ever known in baseball.

One day when he was pitching for Pittsburg the umpire had called two strikes and three balls on me when I started to walk toward his catcher. They were ten feet from me when "Pink" said: "Better let 'Chief' hit it, hadn't we? He's a pretty good fellow. And sure enough he hit me hit the ball.

"Another time he walked into my cigar store and, coming up to me, said: "'Chief,' which you forgive me. 'Sure, Pink,' he said, though I hadn't the slightest idea what for. I put out my hand and he almost crushed it in the warmth of his gratitude. There had never been a word between us all the years we had been acquainted.

"In one game when I was pitching with 'Pink' pitching, had us beaten about 5 to 0 in the seventh inning. I came to bat. 'What's your average?' 'Chief' Hawley asked. 'Oh, I guess, was my reply. 'Well, boost it a little,' he said, as he floated up one breast high. I hit in against the fence and scored Cleveland's one and only run."—Cleveland Press.

From Many Places.
The notice to report just sent out to the Giants shows an interesting fact. In a geographical way, the Giant men from the Atlantic to the Pacific are as follows: "Duminy" Taylor, Baltimore, Kan.; Mahowen, Leavenworth, Kas.; McGinnity, South McAlester, I. T.; Ames, Warren, O.; Willes, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elliott, Fairleeville, Wis.; Bresnahan, Toledo, O.; Rowerman, Rome, Mich.; Marshall, Chicago; McGinnity, Shelbyville, Ky.; Chert, Trenton, N. J.; Dahlen, Brooklyn, Nev.; Devlin, Washington, D. C.; Strang, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Neal, Ewing, Ill.; Down, Cincinnati, Mo.; San Francisco; Browne, Washington; Graham, Baltimore.

To hear them tell about it, there will be nothing in New York this year but no-hit games. Chicago will work his "split" ball on the highlands, while McGinnity and Ames will take respective stands for the Giants with the "false" ball and the "stop" ball.

THE WISE COOT.

Some of the vagaries of the "Wise Coot," the man that knows it all, and who goes around the training camps telling the fighters their business. Every prize-fighter in training is more or less afflicted by this pest, whose name is legion, and upon whom rebuffs have no effect.

Jimmy Knew Some Great Irishmen

W. F. Kirk's "Fleeting Fancies" In- cludes One Poem That Will Live Long.

"Fleeting Fancies," by W. F. Kirk, is one of the cleverest little volumes of verse which has been seen in many a day. The poems include poems that have been published from time to time in the "Fleeting Fancies" columns in the Milwaukee Sentinel and many of them are sure to live.

As a humorist Kirk has no equal in American newspaperdom, and some of his offerings on sports are the best ever. The following on baseball is typical.

"Please give me," said the teacher, as she rubbed her tired eyes,
"The names of some great Irishmen, my dear."
And when a hand waved frantically, she no-
ticed with surprise
The grinning jaw of Jimmy McAlister's.

"Two something new for Jimmy to be inter-
ested when
A question was before the house, so:
'Well, Jimmy,' said the teacher, 'name your
famous Irishmen.'"

He promptly answered: "Here's a few I know:
McGinnity and Hogan,
Mike Kelly, Dick Cogan,
Jim Collins, Wild Bill Donovan and Ryan;
McCall and McIntyre,
Spikes and McGuire,
McCarthy, Dolan, Daly and O'Brien."

Jiggs Donahue, McBride,
Waddell, the Philites' pride;
McFarland, Muggs McGraw and R. Mc-
Quinn.

Maloney, Grady, Lally,
Jack Sullivan, O'Malley,
Pat Flaherty, J. Hurley, Eddie Bourke;
McCormick and McConnell,
McGilligan and O'Donnell,
McGulley, McNamara and McGann,
Hugh Duffy and McCracken,
McLabe, McLean, McManis,
O'Neill, McQuaid, McManis and McMahon."

"Why, Jimmy," cried the teacher, "just wait a moment, please.
What did those folks you mention ever do?
How is it that you didn't give me any names
like these:
Tom Moore, Parnell and Robert Emmett,
too?"

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the urchin, "I never
seen dem gurs.
I named de warmest members in de moss.
De fellows you are boostin' for can't be no
very wise.
Dey must have played in some bush league,
I guess."

I WANT NO MONEY

You can talk to the people I've
cured, but you need not pay me
until I cure you.

You can talk with the men and women who have been cured by my treatment, and that's worth considering. I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments; but when I tell you I have cured your neighbor, Mr. Walker, or your old friend, Mr. Williams, and you can go and ask them about me, and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof, and you know that I do all I claim.

And I want you to give me credit for what I prove. There's nothing surer than the word of an honest man, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that I can cure you.

Here is Proof of My Arguments:
Dr. McLaughlin.
Dear Sir:—Your Belt has proven entirely satisfactory in my case. Any one wishing to know of its merits can write me and I will gladly recommend it for the benefits I have derived from its use. Yours respectfully,
LESTER FORBUSH,
Robinson, Utah.

Dr. McLaughlin.
Dear Sir:—I have worn your Belt for the last month, and it has given entire satisfaction. I am seventy years of age. I can do a good day's work, walk from six to ten miles, and come home at night feeling well and fresh. I will gladly recommend your Belt. Yours truly,
JESSE TYE, Fillmore City, Utah.

Dr. McLaughlin.
Dear Sir:—I wish to say that I feel like a new man since wearing your Belt. In every way I feel like a new man. My Belt is number seven, and is giving good satisfaction. Yours respectfully,
C. J. LEYLAND, Park City, Utah.

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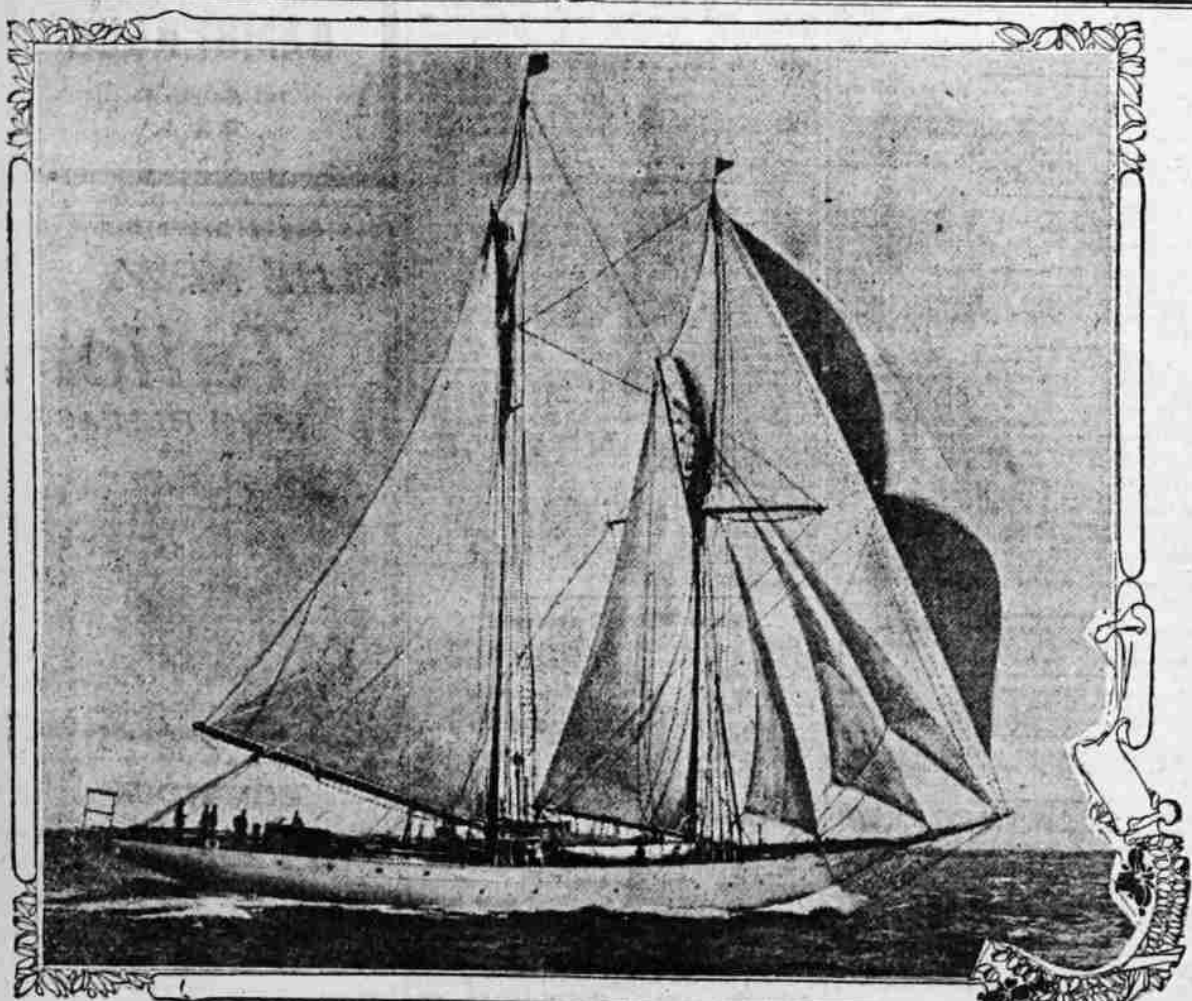
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I don't think there is any case of weakness, failure of vitality or of any trouble resulting from the imperfect action of any organ of the body that I can't cure. Of course, I do not cure all cases, but I have such confidence in my treatment that I will pay \$100 for a case that comes in my line of treatment which I can't cure with my recently perfected appliance. I am now curing troubles which I would not touch before.

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SCHOONER YACHT THISTLE.

Robert E. Tod's schooner yacht Thistle of the Atlantic Yacht club, one of the finest yachts entered in the Kaiser's ocean yacht race from Sandy Hook to the Needles. This yacht, which is strictly a cruising vessel, will probably be the only yacht in the race sailed and navigated by her owner. Her performance will be watched with a great deal of interest, as she is not nearly so speedy as some of the other entrants, but she has great sea-going ability.

DR. C. W. HIGGINS

Thirty Years in Salt Lake City.
THE OLDEST RELIABLE SPECIAL-
IST IN THE CITY.

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Thirty Years in Salt Lake

After 45 years' study of Nature and her laws along special lines, my superior advantages and ability go without saying, and I unhesitatingly declare, and my unparalleled record as a successful specialist in private diseases of men backs up my claim, that more men have been cured by me of VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY, BLOOD POISON and REFLEX DISORDERS within the last 35 years than by any specialists in the United States combined. This fact is self-evident and indisputable, and with my rates more reasonable, and treatment more successful, you do wrong to experiment with concerns whose methods are being frequently changed, and whose doctors are the scrapings together of transient and defunct concerns.

Courtesy demands that we mention no names in a newspaper, but if you come to my office, I can furnish some valuable information with the proofs so conclusive that you will not regard them as selfish arguments.

NERVO-SEXUAL DEBILITY CURED.

And will forfeit \$500 for any case taken under his treatment which he fails to cure if directions are followed. All cases of piles cured. Liver and kidney complaint cured. All cases of fits cured. Tapeworm removed with head or no pay. Office hours, 10 to 2:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Please send for a list of questions to Dr. C. W. Higgins, Salt Lake City, Utah.